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Vol. XVIII. No. 129

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

Republican Nominations.

[Election, Tuesday, November 4, 1890.]

FOR GOVERNOR.

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Vice-President and General Manager.

Wm. A. SPALDING, MARIAN OTIS, Secretary.

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## THEY WERE NINETEEN.

For weeks, the circumambient ether has been heavily charged with Democratic cries against Markham, the Republican nominee. The loudest and lustiest of these cries is one to the effect that Markham, on one occasion, wrote a letter to his mining partner, declaring his approval of the discharge of certain recalcitrant workmen of Hibernian persuasion and the filling of their places with almond-eyed disciples of Confucius. This is the charge, and the Republican State Central Committee is so anxious to get hold of that letter that it has offered a thousand dollars reward for it, but it is still not forthcoming and the Democratic party is on the anxious seat in consequence. (See superb steel engravings on first page, procured at enormous expense for this independent journal.)

Now, do these reckless Democratic newspapers and politicians know upon what a frightful brink of danger they are standing? Does Mr. Pond himself appreciate the depth and darkness of the yawning chasm into which he is about to be pitched, left in front, hind-side to? Does he know who he is fooling with? Knows he that at last he has fallen into the clutches of the iconoclastic journal that projected the Murdochian letter upon an astonished world and ripped the Interior Department out of a British minister? Has Mr. Pond forgotten the tragic fate of Sir Lionel S. Sackville-West, or the undying fame of Charles E. Murchison, the slayer of diplomats and the maker of presidents? It would seem so, for to watch the antics of Mr. Pond and his fool friends one would suppose that they possess memories no longer than the nose of a pug, and turned-up likewise.

The time has arrived when it becomes the duty of some journalistic Jack the Ripper to open up in earnest on this preposterous charge of an estimable foe.

For many moons THE TIMES has been in possession of an awful secret relative to the dark deeds of the doomed Democratic destruction. This secret has to do with Mr. Pond's dubious connection with the notorious Oregon wagon-road grab, and it involves a tale of horror, blood and death, never before divulged, but which, when projected upon the unsuspecting populace, will cause many a cheek to blanch, many a hair to stand on end like quills on Mr. Bell's fretful newspaper, and thousands of votes to be cast against the doomed and reckless Pond—a cyclone of ballots, in fact, that will bury him mighty deep and elect his opponent by more than a large majority.

But to the facts. On the 15th day of June, 1878, Mr. Pond, as is well-known, was sent to Oregon by Mr. Cleveland to build and turn over to the Government a double-track steel railroad which was to be cunningly worked off on the Government under the thin guise of the Oregon Wagon Road. How Mr. Pond discharged his trust or rather failed to discharge it is now matter of history and we pass that by as not being vital to this true narrative. The foul and frightful fact that we now wish to bring out, in letters of iron, and blood, and zinc, and antimony, on five cent paper with fifteen-centing on a fifteen thousand dollar perfecting press, at the rate of ten thousand copies an hour, is this: That Mr. Pond, on that Oregon campaign of his, made an assault upon Ireland, by the side of which Markham's mild raid was nowhere; that Markham must, in effect, pale his ineffectual fires and take to the tail timber whenever Pond comes around and undertakes to enter the Pat-extinguishing business to the tune of "Erin Go Unum E Pluribus Bragh."

But enough of these premonitory remarks: Let us get down to business. We have asserted that Mr. Pond was sent to Oregon on the 15th of June, 1878. We have said it and we stick to it. We say more, namely, that he was applied to by a band of twenty Irish laborers from North Beach, San Francisco county, who had got wind of Mr. Pond's fame as a railroad builder, followed him to the Oregon line and struck him for a job. Mr. Pond received the gentlemen with an attempt at suavity and an effort to do the hand-shaking act, but the Milesians would have none of it. They refused to be shook and wanted "wurruk." Mr. Pond, finding that the smooth citizen act was no go, adopted another tactic and promised the wielders of the rich Irish brogue that they should have employment. He directed them to proceed along the line of his new railroad until they had reached the banks of the Kuskokum River, where he told them they would find railroad bridge which he had just completed. They would cross that bridge and five hundred yards on the further shore they would find a section boss who would take them in and give them work on a ten-forty and five-twenty basis, that is to say, they would commence work at 10:40 o'clock in the forenoon and knock off at 5:20 in the afternoon; for which recreation Mr. Pond promised these trustful sons of the Emerald Isle wages on the \$7.40 basis. The poor Irishmen took Mr. Pond at his word, and went their way heading towards the river with the barbaric name and the brand new bridge. When they arrived there, night had come on and darkness covered the land as an Arizona statesman's hat covers a cabeza chiquita. But the twenty citizens of North Beach went right on. They marched on to the bridge and found it too thin—in fact, as thin as air. There was no bridge there at all, at all. Result: a dreadful tragedy. Twenty men were hurled forth into the cavernous depths below, to be dashed to death upon the cruel rocks or drowned in the surging stream. The result was next door to unanimous and by acclamation, with but one dissenting vote. One man got away. Michael Flaherty, a bruised and bleeding mass of Milesian humanity, crawled out of the swirling stream, climbed up the bank, pulled himself together, and shaking his fist into

theinky darkness toward the other shore, where Mr. Pond was supposed to be, he swore a mighty oath: "By the bones of St. Patrick! by the Long Horn Spoon, I'll get even wid ye, Mr. Pond, if it takes me 105 years and a day, for this murderin' job of yours this night!"

Michael Flaherty escaped, and, refusing to die, has lived all these years waiting to even up things with the Democratic iceberg. He has lived to tell the tale and he has told it to THE TIMES, and we tell it as 'twas told to us. The details of the horrible tragedy on the Kuskokum, as they fell from Mr. Flaherty's lips into the willing ear of a TIMES representative, were enough to make a dog sick, but we refuse to dwell upon them. The recital is too much—too much for our readers to stand. We have some regard for our subscription list, and we cannot afford to paralyze the whole populace at one fell swoop. We have this important news exclusively and we have got a beat on the other fellows anyhow, so that a little more or less revealing in the details of Mr. Pond's horrible crime makes no difference. What our readers want are the facts, and we have given them the frozen truth with as few frills as possible.

The whole story can be put into a nutshell. The nineteen men are dead, and Mr. Pond is a candidate for Governor. What more do the voters want in order to enable them to make up their minds? Do they want to have us make Mr. Pond kill off a whole township? Will nothing but a Johnsonian disaster satisfy their unnatural desire for blood? Do they want us to print a cyclopedia for them? Does each fellow want a book-store? They are unreasonable. The price of competition is fifty cents, a thousand, and the postage-stamp merchant refuses to fall on his goods. We have said enough. There is no evidence of record in Jim Meredith's office that Markham discharged as many Irishmen as stepped off that 'ere bridge of Mr. Pond's and never stepped back. Nineteen men are dead in the damp depths of the Kuskokum. Nineteen graves are yawning on its banks. Nineteen shillabums mowly sigh for owners. Nineteen widows in North Beach cry aloud for vengeance. Nine times nineteen innocent babes' wail for fathers who will never return. One long, loud, piercing, maddening cry goes continually up from the goat-garlanded slopes of Telegraph Hill for vengeance—a cry responsive to the sad, piercing wail that eternally lashes the waves of the watery Kuskokum with its tale of woe—a wail that swims through the impalpable ether from where rolls the Oregon to the cactus-covered cañons of La Juaña. It is a noise that is causing Mr. Pond to shake in his boots, to rise in his sleep and cry out from the upper windows of his No. 1111 mansion, in the language of William Shakespeare: "O my prophetic soul! my uncle! a shillabum I see before me!"

These are the simple facts, and we lay them before our readers with that strict impartiality, freedom from prejudice, and high regard for the truth for which this family journal is distinguished.

What we want to know is: Who will vote for Pond now? If anything further is needed to throw light on the horrible career and desperate character of this man, we could furnish it. There is a well authenticated story in the possession of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (with which we are in close communication) to the effect that Mr. Pond, immediately after coming back from that Oregon wagon road expedition, killed his mother-in-law in a drunken fit by stuffing a veto message into her mouth when she was delivering an essay to him on the domestic proprieties. But we recoil from the task of exposing two horrible crimes on the same day. We don't like to do it. Besides, one human being, more or less, in the list of victims of a professional garrotter and bridge burner makes small difference. We have already given enough to show that Mr. Pond can never be elected Governor of California, and we are content.

Bring on the next victim! P. S.—We neglected to say that some sympathizing spirit has erected a simple but tasteful monument on the banks of the Kuskokum River, bearing this touching inscription:

All in the Kuskokum,  
 Twenty poor Miles who couldn't swim;  
 Curses from wives and children fond  
 Are heaped upon that bastard Pond.

THE ELECTRIC RAILROAD FRANCHISE.

Mayor Hazard yesterday, in a trenchant and logical message, vetoed the ordinance granting a franchise to the new electric railroad, known as the "belt road." Mr. Hazard, in reply to his recently published announcement that he had received a very large number of protests from property-holders against the project. In his message he shows that the franchise, in this case, is a floating grant to build six miles of street-car lines on any part of the twenty-three miles conveyed by the franchise, nobody knowing the exact location of these six miles; that, after these six miles are built, there will remain seventeen miles of the principal streets of the city tied up with a franchise that may never materialize; that it establishes a bad precedent and that the liberty given to the company as to the description of poles they may erect on their principal streets is, in view of our Pico street experience, a very dangerous one.

These facts are well worthy of the careful consideration of the Council. A legitimate enterprise need never fear open and full discussion. Besides this, there is a strong sentiment among our citizens that a railroad company which has, during hard times, in good faith, expended about \$2,000,000 among us should, to a reasonable extent, be protected—that its property and prospects should not be subjected to unnecessary depreciation.

This is a very important matter. It

covers a franchise of fifty years and will not suffer from a delay of a few weeks. Let us first satisfy ourselves fully that we are right before we go ahead.

The dreaded white scale is again present quite extensively in the Sixth Street Park—to such an extent, in fact, that unless the *edolia* is again put to work it will spread rapidly. The white scale is also present in the Plaza and other places. Fortunately, colonies of the *edolia* are still obtainable, and should be availed of by all orchardists who have infected trees.

TEN years ago the estimated value of real estate in New York City was \$1,000,000,000. The exact figures were \$1,049,340,336. This year's valuation of real estate in New York is \$1,500,000,000—just fifty per cent. more, and an increase at the rate of \$50,000,000 a year.

ONCE more—for the fiftieth time, at least—we are compelled to remind correspondents, whether writing for publication or not, that they must sign their names if they expect their communications to receive attention.

THE MAN WITH THE HAT.



OR VAULTING AMBITION, that is liable to creep itself and fall off the other side. The four-month-old Arizona statesman who will seek the bubble reputation at the Council's mouth.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

Miss Foote thinks she is the victim of a plot. The Mission Indians of California are still the victims of the greed of their white neighbors.

The Executive Committee, reporting the platform of Mohok for 1890, reviews the work done toward the civilization of the Indian, and urges Congress to make such liberal and easy appropriations as may be necessary to perfect this plan and carry it into full operation; calls for further extension of education for all industrial arts as essential to preparations for self-support; protests against the removal of the office of the surveyor general from the Indian Bureau; recommends improvement in the provisions for the regular and legal administration of justice, both toward and among the Indians; urges the churches to larger gifts and greater zeal in the distinctive Christian work among the Indians; reaffirms as a fundamental principle, which should control all friends of all Indians, that all work for them, whether by private benevolence or the Government, should be done in unification of and in preparation for the time when the Indian races of this country will be absorbed into the body of our citizens, and the specific Indian problem will be merged in the general problem of building up the human brotherhood which the providence of God has laid upon the American people.

The conference unanimously adopted a resolution urging that the money raised from the sale of surplus reservations be held as a fund to aid the Indians on allotments in learning how to support themselves.

UNDER STRICT ORDERS.

The Steamer Bertha Will Seize Bering-Sea Poachers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] A Port Townsend special says: The steam schooner Bertha has been chartered by the Government, in spite of the denials of her San Francisco owners, and is now on her way to Alaska in charge of Capt. Glover, of the cutter, Wolcott. The statement that the Wolcott left Victoria for the North is a mistake. She left early Thursday morning and went to Port Angeles. There she was met by the Bertha Saturday night, and the two months' supplies of the former were transferred to the latter. Capt. Glover and Lieut. Benham then took charge of the Bertha and proceeded north, while Lieut. Wylie brought the cutter, Wolcott, back to this port, where she now lies.

The Bertha was chartered at San Francisco for Kodiak, but will go direct to Unalakleet and take coal. Then she goes direct to the Pribilof Islands, where the British schooner, Triumph, and Adele are supposed to be on a winter cruise. The orders of Captain Glover are believed to be strict, and that he is charged to seize all schooners found in Bering Sea. Official dispatches, however, are not to be had.

Visiting Old Battlefields.

RICHMOND, Oct. 10.—This morning the Comte de Paris and party left on horseback for a visit to the battlefields of Mechanicsville, Gaines Mills, Cold Harbor and Seven Pines.

Final Adjournment Taken.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 10.—The final session of the Iron and Steel Institute was called to order this morning. A number of papers were read, after which the institute adjourned.

## STRICKEN DOWN.

Justice Miller Has a Severe Attack of Paralysis.

His Condition Considered Critical—A Slight Improvement.

Report of Commissioner Groff of the General Land Office.

Legislation Recommended for the Preservation of Timber on Government Land—Patents Last Year.

By Telegraph to The Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] This afternoon Justice Samuel Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States was stricken with paralysis and is now in a serious condition, though he is resting comfortably and his mind is clear.

He was returning from the Supreme Court room, and when within sight of his residence was seen to stagger and fall. His servant John Woodford, who saw him, quickly got him home and Drs. Cook and Lincoln were soon in attendance. They found that the left side of the Justice was paralyzed, but he was still able to recognize those about him.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10, 11 p.m.—Dr. Lincoln has just left Justice Miller. He says the Justice's condition is not nearly so favorable as it was two hours ago, and the case is now very serious.

Justice Miller has been suffering nearly all summer from an attack of dysentery, but at no time was his illness severe enough to prevent him attending to his official duties while on his annual court circuit in the West. His return to Washington feeling much better, though somewhat weak. This morning he was feeling unusually good. The Justice, in telling Mrs. Miller of his fall, said that he felt his knee giving away under him and his legs felt so heavy that he could not suddenly lift them. Thinking it was a sudden return of a rheumatic twinge, which he often before felt, he made another effort to step forward, and as he did so he either tripped on the carpet or slipped and fell forward on his left side and arm, at the same time cutting his forehead slightly and causing an abrasion of the skin on his nose.

John Woodford, the Justice's servant, was standing in the door at the time and saw him fall. He immediately ran to his assistance and, with the help of a friend, raised the Justice to his feet and, placing him in a cab, conveyed him to his home. An improvised stretcher was brought out and, though the Justice protested against being placed on it, as he said he felt perfectly able with assistance to walk, he at last consented and was taken gently up the terrace leading to his house and into his office on the first floor.

Meantime Mrs. Miller, who was out visiting, arrived, and finding the Justice down stairs, immediately had him removed to his room on the second floor, though the change was made unwillingly on his part, as he insisted he was only slightly weak and would prefer having dinner down stairs rather than in his bedroom.

When the Justice's bedroom was reached he remarked: "Just place the stretcher alongside of the bed," much to their surprise. Dr. Cook, who lives two doors away, was called on and Dr. Lincoln sent for, who administered some slight restoratives, and, after an examination, found a partial paralysis of the left side from the arm down. The numbness in the arm has now partially disappeared.

LATER.—At this (Saturday) morning, it is stated that the Justice is resting quietly, and the family thought he was a little better.

LAND OFFICE BUSINESS.

Commissioner Groff's Report for the Past Fiscal Year.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The annual report of Commissioner of the General Land Office Groff shows that the number of agricultural patents issued during the fiscal year ended June 30, was 117,247, embracing 18,759,520 acres, as against 7,141 issued in 1889, with an aggregate area of 220,526. Of mineral and mill site patents 1407 were issued, showing an increase in the year of 494. Of coal patents 224 were issued, an increase of 69, representing 15,376 acres. State school selections aggregate 559,779 acres, the selections for the previous year aggregating only 132,350 acres. The acreage of swamp lands patented to several States during the year was 109,351. There were patented or certified under the law for the benefit of railroad companies during the year 368,862 acres. This is a decrease for the year of 61,183 acres. The total cash sales during the fiscal year were 3,302,846 acres. Original homesteads, timber culture State selections for school, swamp and railroad selections and others of a miscellaneous character were 9,382,285 acres. Indian lands disposed of aggregate 138,305 acres making a grand total 12,798,887 acres.

The total cash receipts of the office from various sources during the fiscal year were \$7,783,517. Of this amount \$6,349,174 was received from cash sales. On June 30, 1889, there were 276,751 final entries of all kinds pending, and at the close of the fiscal year 1890, there were 288,289 pending, showing a decrease, as compared with the previous year, of 68,587 entries. Railroad sections amounting to 25,778,955 acres were pending at the close of the year, an increase over the previous year of 332,704 acres. There were also Oregon wagon road selections pending to the amount of 304,912 acres. Ex-parte mineral entries are in arrears about 23 years. Contest cases quasi contests and ex-parte coal entries are up to date.

The mileage of land grant railroads actually constructed up to the close of the last fiscal year was 18,070 miles. Surveys have been accepted after examination in the field of 4,462,091 acres, including Arizona, 597,745 acres; California, 162,031; Colorado, 473,457; Dakota, 929,992; Montana, 620,161; Nevada, 490,857; New Mexico, 237,131; Utah, 76,525; Washington, 180,122; Florida, 2519; Idaho, 22,148; Minnesota, 144,555; Nebraska, 23,039; Oregon, 84,100.

Upon the subject of forests of the public domain the Commissioner finds that the most valuable timber on public lands is being rapidly exhausted, and the laws relating to the subject are entirely inadequate to properly protect either the public forests from unlawful

appropriation, or the interests of settlers. Over \$38,000 were received last year from timber depredations. Provision should be made for the legitimate procuring of timber from the public lands by millmen and lumber-manufacturers, and for the sale to an extent necessary to supply the community in the location in which they operate lumber and other timber products needed in the settlement thereof, but the exportation of public timber should be prohibited, as also should the removal of timber from any of the reserved lands and from the mountainous regions and other woodlands at or in the vicinity of the headwaters or sources of streams, which for climatic, economic or public purposes should be held permanently as forest reserves, an exception being made in favor of settlers or miners for their personal necessities.

CEREAL CROPS.

The Condition for October—Averages of Different Grains.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The October estimates of the yield per acre for the entire breadth of the country of cereal crops computed by the Department of Agriculture, are: Winter wheat, 10.8 bushels per acre; spring wheat, 11.5; wheat crop, 11.1; oats, 19.8; barley, 21; rye, 11.8. The condition of corn is 70.6, instead of 90.5; potatoes, 61.7, instead of 85.7; tobacco, 35.4, instead of 82.4. There is practically no change in the general condition, except a reduction of 4 points in potatoes and an increase of two points in tobacco. The effect of the winter frosts upon wheat is shown by the lower rate of yield to have been severe. Some of the higher rates are: New York, 15.2; Philadelphia, 12; Ohio, 12.5; Michigan, 15.2; Illinois, 11.5; Missouri, 11.2; Kansas, 13.5; California, 12; Oregon, 15. Crops made a low yield, through the South, where the average is small.

In the Ohio Valley the variation in yield in different counties, as well as on farms in the same county is extraordinary, ranging from five to twenty-five bushels, and in extreme cases from one to thirty bushels. One county in Illinois claims the "best crops in years," and another "poorer crops than expected."

Rocky Mountain areas made good averages in spring wheat on limited areas. Dakota yields, varying from a bushel or two to twenty-five bushels, made an average of nine bushels per acre. Minnesota returned twelve and Wisconsin 12.5 bushels. It is estimated that the yield of oats of 19.8 bushels, which is the lowest ever reported, will probably reduce the aggregated product more than two hundred million bushels.

SHE TOLD THE JUDGE.

A PERRIS SCANDAL AND A WOMAN'S WAGGING TONGUE.

Mrs. Fry Liked to Gossip About Her Neighbors and Was Real Spunky When Brought to Account.

By Telegraph to The Times.  
 SAN DIEGO, Oct. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] Mrs. Fry and Miss Preston are neighbors in the town of Perris, on the California Southern Railroad north of this city, and they are parties to a suit just ended in the Superior Court. Miss Preston has been given \$1000 damages against Mrs. Fry for slander. The northern art of the county has been all torn up over the matter for several months. Both parties to the suit formerly lived in Kansas. Miss Preston moved to Perris, and a year or so later Mrs. Fry came to the same town. Very soon reports were circulated which Miss Preston did not like. She caused Mrs. Fry to be brought before Justice Walter for the purpose of signing a denial. This Mrs. Fry would not do, and repeated all



## A SUDDEN LEAVE.

Dillon and O'Brien Forfeit  
Their Bonds,And Escape by an Unknown Route to  
America.Great Rejoicing at Tipperary and  
New York.Detectives Set Upon Their Track  
But no Trace of the Fugitives  
Found in Comments  
of the Press.

By Telegraph to The Times.

DUBLIN, Oct. 10.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] The case against Dillon and O'Brien, charged with instigating tenants not to pay rents, was called at Tipperary this morning. Neither of the defendants was present, both being members of the committee appointed by Irish Nationalists in Dublin to visit America for the purpose of soliciting aid for the Nationalist cause. The rumor is current they forfeited their bail of \$1000 each in the conspiracy case. They sailed yesterday from Queenstown for America.

Much excitement prevailed in Tipperary when it became known that O'Brien and Dillon had abandoned the defense and left the place. A confirmation of the rumor that they had left the country was received. There is no confirmation, however, of the report that they sailed from Queenstown yesterday for the United States. Information thus far received is that they did not leave by the ordinary channels. Their bail will be forfeited and paid by the National League.

At the request of counsel for the crown to consider what steps should be taken, warrants have been issued for the arrest of the missing Nationalists.

COMMENTS ON THE ESCAPE.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—A dispatch to the News from Tipperary says: "Though shadowed as never shadowed before, they joined a liner by the aid of a friendly craft and are now well on their way to New York. It is impossible to convey any idea of the frenzy of delight here." The News in an editorial compares the escape of Dillon and O'Brien to the marvelous escapes of Mazzini, and says they will be received in America as Kossoff and other patriots coming from continental oppressions have been received here. The News adds: "If the coffers of the League are empty as its enemies boast, Balfour's blundering will soon replenish them."

The Chronicle says: "The inference is that the Government, for some reason, did not desire to keep them in the country, otherwise they could not have escaped the vigilance of the police. The stage is now left to obscure performers and Balfour may ring down the curtain."

O'Connor's paper, the Star, says that

Dillon and O'Brien went to Waterford and from there to Havre on Wednesday, and proceeded from that port to New York.

NO CLEW OF THE FUGITIVES.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—The steamship companies know nothing of the fugitives. Nothing is known at Queenstown or Moville of their whereabouts. A correspondent of O'Brien's paper, the Freeman's Journal, sailed from Queenstown yesterday on the City of Berlin, and it is thought Dillon and O'Brien may be aboard the same vessel. Detectives have boarded all outgoing steamers and searched in vain for them. They are convinced they are already on the way to America. It is possible they sailed on a yacht and boarded the steamer outside Queenstown.

LEFT VIA HAVRE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—The intelligence that O'Brien and Dillon succeeded in escaping was received with joy by Irishmen in this city. Last night the leaders received the knowledge that O'Brien and Dillon went from Dublin to Havre, where they boarded a Hamburg-American vessel.

Slavin and McAuliffe.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—The case of Frank Slavin and Joe McAuliffe, the pugilists charged with taking part in the recent prize fight at the Ormond Club, came up in the Lambeth police court today. The court committed them for trial for engaging in a common prize fight.

Marriage of Jeanne Dumas.

PARIS, Oct. 10.—Jeanne, daughter of Alexander Dumas, the younger, married Vicomte Hauteville yesterday. Meissonier, Palvey, Sardou and Claretie were among the wedding guests. Albani sang Gounod's "Ave Maria."

A Lord in the Work 'us.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Lord Cahn was arrested yesterday at Croydon, Surrey, on complaint of one of his neighbors for threatening assault. This morning in court Lord Cahn cursed the magistrate and was sent to the workhouse.

Old World Briefs.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—The suspension of two brokers on the Stock Exchange is announced, one being one of the largest brokers and jobbers.

PARIS, Oct. 10.—By an explosion at

Bourges ten were killed and nine injured.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 10.—The

Novoe Vremya says that the Russian Government will immediately begin the construction of the Siberian railway, and comments on the strategic and commercial importance of the new railway, which it says, will induce closer relations between Russia and America by the Pacific route.

NANCY, Oct. 10.—Madame Bonell,

in whose possession were found plans of the defenses of Nancy, and who confessed she was a German spy, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined 5000 francs. On the expiration of her term she will be exiled from France for ten years.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—The government

denies that there is serious illness among the grenadier guards in Bermuda. Only one death from fever has occurred in the regiment.

Lisbon, Oct. 10.—It is reported that

Portuguese gunboats have formed a line across the mouth of the Zambezi river and will offer a passive resistance to the passage of the British stern-wheel gunboats, which are to go up the river.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Gladstone, reply-

ing to a query about the new American tariff, says that in his eyes it is a deplorable error attended with severe and cruel consequences to innocent persons. He will speak about it in Midlothian.

## STATE POLITICS.

Col. Markham Speaks to a Large Audience at Placerville.

PLACERVILLE (Cal.), Oct. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] A large audience filled the opera house this evening to hear Col. H. H. Markham, Republican nominee for Governor, and George A. Knight.

Mayor Pond at Modesto.

MODESTO (Cal.), Oct. 10.—Mayor Pond, accompanied by Hon. E. E. Leake of Solano and Hon. Jas. H. Budd, arrived from the South this afternoon and were received by a reception committee, a band of music and a large delegation of citizens, and driven about the city. This evening an open-air meeting was held, at which a number of speeches were delivered.

San Francisco Nominations.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The Republicans tonight made the following nominations: Recorder, E. B. Reed; Assessor, J. D. Liebs; Superintendent of Schools, John Swett; Coroner, W. T. Gorwood; Public Administrator, Luman Wadham; City and County Surveyor, C. S. Tilton; Supervisors, Henry Evans, D. B. Jackson, James W. Hession, J. B. Curtis, Dr. William A. R. Elliott, G. A. Carulis, Charles B. Platt, Albert Hyer, D. B. Hunt, C. W. Taber, W. W. Wilkinson.

POMONA AND ELSINORE.

The Old Road to be Built Under a New Name.

SAN BERNARDINO, Oct. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] At a meeting of the directors of the Southwestern Railway Company today, John Cross of Los Angeles was elected president, in place of Samuel Merrill, resigned. Capt. Cross will go East immediately to negotiate for material for the construction of the first section of the road from Pomona to South Riverside.

Sent For to Be Shot.

BOISE CITY (Idaho), Oct. 10.—Word was received here this afternoon that Ross Hotchins, living near Hunter's, about nine miles from this place, had been shot twice by a man named Jennings.

The trouble grew out of a difficulty between the two men in reference to land. This afternoon Jennings sent his wife to Hotchins's cabin to say that her husband wished to see him, and on his coming as requested Jennings shot him twice with a Winchester rifle. It is not known how badly Hotchins is wounded. Sheriff Robbins has started in pursuit of Jennings.

Wanted For Horse Stealing.

MARYSVILLE (Cal.), Oct. 10.—Constable Redwin of Mendocino county came to the city today after Thomas Dean, who is charged with horse-stealing. He was arrested Wednesday last at the request of the Sheriff of Mendocino county. In May, 1889, a horse was taken from a ranch near Covell. Dean brought the animal to this city and sold it. It is supposed Dean was a member of the gang of horse and cattle thieves that have infested Mendocino county for some time past.

Y. M. C. A. Convention.

SAN DIEGO, Oct. 10.—The time of the State Y. M. C. A. convention in this city has been taken up in the reading of papers on various topics. Delegates' reports from a number of State associations were very encouraging, showing that the order was growing in numbers. There are eighty-five delegates in attendance.

Adjournment of the State Grange.

WATSONVILLE (Cal.), Oct. 10.—The business of the State Grange closed this evening. Many important measures were voted on. Action on the Stanford Bill, relative to the loaning of money to farmers at a low rate of interest, has been postponed until the next meeting of the grange. Tomorrow will be occupied in sight-seeing and an excursion to Spreckles's sugar beet ranch.

Dempsey's Coming Mill.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—A letter has been received here from Jack Dempsey, in which he says that he is feeling well and expects soon to arrive in San Francisco en route to New Orleans, where he will fight Fitzsimmons before the Olympic Club. He has signed articles of agreement and forwarded them to President Peterson of the club.

Mrs. Wehring's Death.

REDWOOD CITY (Cal.), Oct. 10.—The coroner's jury impaneled to examine the late death of Louisa Eslinger on the night of her marriage to George Wehring last Saturday, tonight rendered a verdict that death occurred from arsenical poisoning, taken with suicidal intent.

Encountered a Terrific Gale.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—The British ship Argonaut arrived here from London today. A terrific northerly gale was encountered off the port, lasting three days. On October 10th William Heelan, a seaman, was washed overboard from the fore-castle.

Gov. Stevenson's Will.

CARSON (Nev.), Oct. 10.—Gov. Stevenson's will was filed today. It gives \$1000 each to his two sons, \$500 each to two grandchildren, and the rest of his estate to his wife.

Steve Jacobs, the notorious negro desperado,

was executed yesterday at Lumber, N. C., for the murder of three women near there several months ago.

California State Series School Books,

and others at Langstader's, 238 S. Spring, opposite Hollenbeck Hotel.

Senour's Celebrated Floor Paint

At Scriber & Quinn, 146 South Main St.

W. R. TULLIS, watchmaker, 402 South

Spring street. Watches cleaned for \$1.50.

Dr. S. M. Stocum, Removed

To 212 S. Broadway, Rooms 2 and 3. Diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat, exclusively.

Mrs. Dr. Wells Removed

To the Clifton 233 North Broadway, corner of Temple, Los Angeles. Specialist in diseases of women.

A Farm Hunting For an Owner.

Ten acres of land (good title) will be given an Rhombic or Rhombic patent that the hot mud baths at Arrowhead Springs, will not cure after proper trial.

## WITH MARKHAM

Among the Hardy Embowellers  
of the Sierras.

THE MAGNETIC MEMBER SOLID.

The Drift Constantly Toward the Stairway Son of the Sunny South, and Away From the Stagnating Pond.

NEVADA CITY, Oct. 7.—[Staff Correspondence of The Times.] The great North American rouser of a reception given the gallant colonel at Sacramento, on Saturday night, was an inspiring, though he did not go through the week without more or less weariness, but he stands the trip amazingly well and took the midnight train Saturday for the great mining counties in fine health and spirits.

It was at Colfax, the hour was the ungodly one of 3 a. m., when the party was dragged by the porter out of their cozy coaches in one of Mr. Pullman's best kind of cars to take the Nevada County Narrow Gauge train for this city among the pines of the Sierras.

There is no more picturesque ride in California than the one among the fern-carpeted forests through which the baby railway runs in a long, spiral double line of steel, leaping great chasms on spider-web-like trestles, winding around peaks, the engine chasing the echoes out of the cañons to break away down a long grade with a whoop like a wild Apache on a raid for his favorite fruit-scapes. The trip of two hours through this beautiful country would have been better enjoyed had the moment not been that one which my illustrious friend, Bill Shakespeare (now dead) speaks of as the hour "when graveyards yawn, and hell itself breathes forth contagion" and all that sort of thing.

The gray dawn was just beginning to brighten the east when the little train, which had been placed at Col. Markham's service by General Manager Kidder, drew up to the hillside station of Nevada City. The party was very glad to retire at once for a few hours' rest and sleep, that they might be refreshed for the long ride across the mountains, one of the roughest in the State, to Downieville.

At 1 o'clock the colonel and party started in a private conveyance for that taskness of the mining region.

The ride, while one causing bodily weariness, was a most pleasingly picturesque one, and was greatly enjoyed. Along the road grew the beautiful pines, filling the air with balsamic fragrance, and stretching the earth beneath with their myriad needles. The undergrowth of chaparral was massed with magnificent ferns. The very breath from the hills was life, and the miles rolled under the carriage wheels unceasing.

Downieville had on her first coat of red paint by the time the party reached the bridge near town, and proceeded to daub more on with freedom and dispatch.

The bursting of myriad giant cartridges gave the men from Pasadena the regular miners' welcome, and the men of brawn packed the theater with enthusiasm that made everybody feel at home.

The colonel made here an entirely new speech, going over his action in Congress upon the debris question carefully, and showing the people that he was not the enemy of the miners that he has been painted.

His speech was well received and he gave way to the only George Knight, amid a round of cheers.

Knight, with his mastery of words, wrought the audience up to the highest enthusiasm, and then he closed his hammer blows squarely between the eyes of the Democracy—a veritable verbal Sullivan. There is no audience like a mountain one for this great orator's style of speech, and in the language of the eulchrest—he never missed a trick.

It was a long forty-odd miles back to this old home of our good friend Spence, but the scenery is a brand that does not pall upon the vision, so the trip was one of enjoyment, although, when the colonel stepped out of his carriage, he showed that he had been lingering in some other hollow bed of ease.

However, if he was weary, the people of Nevada City were not, and he had scarcely time to wash off the time of travel ere the patter of the people's footsteps began to drift about his door.

Until the very hour set for the meeting there was a throng of callers pouring into his apartments, and at no point has he had a warmer reception than up here among the pines.

Seven o'clock found the hillside blazing with bonfires, the air pierced by flying rockets and the theater's front lighted up with red lights until it looked like a section of the inferno.

The auditorium was found far too small for the great throng that gathered, and hundreds had to stand, but did so for two hours with patience. Grass Valley had sent down a special train bearing about four hundred Republicans, who were too enthusiastic for the nominee to wait for tomorrow night's meeting at that place.

The colonel made a strong, telling speech, directed pointedly to the mining interests of this section, and convinced his hearers that he was with them heart and soul. Leading Republicans say his visit here has straightened everything out and that Nevada county will show up in the right way next month.

The hills all about here are alive with the dross we are all seeking, and it is painful to think that the necessity exists for shutting down the great hydraulic mines which were adding so much wealth to the west.

Immense scars show in the hillsides like gigantic cancer spots in the landscape, but the rush of water through the giant nozzles is still, the miners who directed the streams against the crumbling hillsides have gone to other fields, and the beautiful cities of the mountains will not be comforted.

Think of a great mountain forty miles in length, holding in its depths not millions but billions of gold, and then think of the hardships bearing upon this people in having to see the strong hand of the law laid upon their great wealth-producer. It takes a law-abiding community, surely, to stand that sort of thing, but they bide the time in patience until our great Government shall hear their retreat appeals and evolve some plan for allowing the Patolian stream to once more take up its course down these auterous cañons.

Tomorrow we are to go for a journey through the great quartz-mines, which lie all about us, and then invade Grass

Valley, where you shall again hear from HANK WAGONER.

## PEJORIAC ACCIDENT.

Narrow Escape From Drowning on

Baundry Street.

A. Melstead, who keeps a little restaurant on Second street, met with a peculiar accident yesterday morning. He was driving on Baundry avenue, near Third street, when his horse suddenly pitched forward, and before Melstead had time to jump out of his buggy he found himself floating around in a young lake.

The water pipe broke a day or two ago, it is supposed, and a tunnel was washed out under the street. The weight of the horse caused the tunnel to give way, and horse and buggy and man found themselves in about eight feet of water and mud.

Melstead had to swim for his life, but he saw that something would have to be done for his horse as the poor animal could not move, and the harness held his head under water, so the restaurant man swam back and held the horse's head up until assistance arrived. It was a narrow escape from death, and goes to prove that the Street Superintendent should look after the streets closer than he has in the past.

## STILL AT LARGE.

Willett Has Not Yet Been

Captured.

OFFICERS CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL.

His Handcuffs Found Near Arrow-

Head Springs—The Feeling at Norwalk—Injustice to Sheriff Aguirre.

Up to 5 o'clock no word had been received at the Sheriff's office from the Willett chase, other than that the Texas Sheriff and the San Bernardino officers were close on the murderer's track, and feel confident that they will capture him.

The general belief among old officers and people who have had to do with criminals, is that Sheriff Aguirre did perfectly right in refusing to allow Willett to go to his house after he had been placed under arrest. When the murderer was brought to the city he was given a change to communicate with his family, and when he refused Sheriff Aguirre notified his people at Norwalk that Willett was in custody.

No officer, who knows his business, will take chances with a desperate criminal, and there is no doubt that Willett is a desperate man, for he knows that as much as his life is worth to go to Texas, and he would rather die in this country than take any chances.

The law states plainly that an officer who makes an arrest in a case when the offense constitutes a felony, shall lodge his prisoner in the nearest jail or conduct him without delay to the court that issued the warrant. This is what Aguirre was doing, and had he been foolish enough to give away to sentimental feelings and conduct Willett to his house, so that he might escape or shoot the arresting officer, then the public would have abused him roundly for not doing his duty.

Yesterday the officers found Willett's handkerchief in an old blacksmith shop near Arrowhead Springs, where he fled from them. It was reported that the officers were close on his track and expected to capture him before morning.

## THE FEELING AT NORWALK.

As has been stated, Willett is very popular among his neighbors at Norwalk, and, notwithstanding the fact that Sheriff Aguirre only did his duty in arresting Willett, and took only such precautions as any other prudent officer would have done under the circumstances, considerable feeling has been worked up against him there, and yesterday the town was plastered with "doggers" calling for a mass meeting at the Town Hall in Norwalk this evening to vote on the matter.

The feeling is said to be very bitter, and the officers at that place were very uneasy for fear there would be an outbreak, and while they stated that they would do everything in their power to protect the prisoner, they were uneasy about the final outcome. Sheriff Aguirre, however, sent out officers to see that Ball was not molested.

But few persons in Norwalk believed that Willett was guilty of any crime, but his escape has changed public opinion, and many of those who were loud in denouncing Aguirre now think that he did right. The final outcome of the matter is awaited with much interest.

## Found Riddled With Bullets.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 10.—In the Menominee Iron range, near Republic, Alex. Bartleson, a squatter, and his son, were found dead today, riddled with bullets. John Nellis, who asserted a claim to Bartleson's land and had threatened his life, has disappeared.

THE SECRET OF MY HAPPINESS. I have thrown away my old thinking book, and have

WATERPROOF BOOTS

WOLFF'S ACME Blacking

Produce a polish without the old brush, and the shoe will last a week longer than the old shoe.

Why stick to old ways in these days of progress? Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, etc.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

Scratch your ticket and vote for H. G. Wilshire, Nationalist nominee for Congress.

Nationalist mass meetings every Saturday night on the Court House steps, and every Sunday night at Turner Hall.

Send for copy of H. G. Wilshire's challenge to Stephen M. White to debate for \$2500 the question: "Resolved, that public ownership is the only solution to the trust problem."

Come and Hear What We Have to Say.

## The Druggists

In Lowell, Mass., agree in saying that they sell

more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than any of the other

blood purifiers. For instance:

F. C. GOODALE: I sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than all other blood purifiers.

A. W. DOWS &amp; CO.: Hood's Sarsaparilla takes the lead of all other Sarsaparillas.

C. F. BLANCHARD: We sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of any similar.

MARSTON &amp; SHAW: With us the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla is to any other kind.

F. &amp; E. BAILEY &amp; CO.: Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the best medicines.

CARLTON &amp; HOVEY: Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the best medicines we have. Its sale increases every year.

F. P. MOODY: We sell twice as much of Hood's Sarsaparilla as any other kind.

C. A. SWAN: Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most popular Sarsaparilla of the day.

THIRTY OTHER DRUGGISTS speak similarly.

This popularity at home, where Hood's Sarsaparilla and its proprietors have been known for many years, could not continue if the medicine did not possess merit. And these facts should certainly convince people in other sections of the country that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good, reliable medicine.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only

by C. I. HOOD &amp; CO., Apochees, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

## THE EAST SIDE.

Street-car Accident—The Public

Schools—Personal Mention.

The public schools of the East Side presented a lively appearance for the past week, enrolling 857 pupils (exclusive of Happy Valley and the Arroyo Seco school), of which the Hellman-street school enrolls 340, the Chestnut-street school 182, Griffin-avenue 157, Swain-street 135 and Gates-street 145.

A colored lady, while riding on the Daly-street branch of the cable system, became impatient and requested the driver to hurry up, as she was very desirous of making better time.

The driver, being a very accommodating gentleman, urged his noble steed to a much faster gait, but this did not satisfy the lady; she became somewhat enraged, and, taking a running start, jumped from the car. In her effort to alight she stumbled and fell, bruising herself badly, but no bones were broken. She was picked up by the passengers, and started toward home considerably subdued.

A farmer leading a cow hitched behind his wagon over the Downey-avenue bridge yesterday was overtaken by a cable train which frightened the animal, and she jumped in front of the bridge, breaking it in several places. No blame is attached to the cable employees.

Wm. Tinker, formerly of the East Side, north of Pasadena, was visiting his friends in East Los Angeles yesterday.

Dr. Newton and a few friends were out yesterday trying their hand bagging quail.

George Stockwell is on the sick list. George Scott and family of Minneapolis arrived yesterday, and are at present the guests of Mrs. Charles Ellis, Griffin-avenue and Seliger street.

## The Fair.

J. Willett last night telegraphed his acceptance of the offer of the Agricultural Association to pace Silkwood against Hummer for a purse of \$500. This special event will take place next Friday afternoon, and it will not be surprising if 2:15 is beaten. Many entries were made yesterday in the stock and cattle department. C. B. Woodhead entered in the Durham, Jersey and Holstein classes.

Senior & Bigelow of Lynwood have entered their Guernseys.

The highly-bred young trotting stock of the Edgemoor Breeding Farm will arrive at the park today. The prize Durhams of Edgemoor are also expected to arrive from the North today.

## Met With Bad Weather.

VICTORIA (B. C.), Oct. 10.—The steamer Salina of San Francisco, which experienced the full fury of three heavy gales on the way down from Alaska, put into port yesterday in distress. Her bulwarks and grating had been carried away and boilers started. She was also out of coal. After repairing the damage she left for San Francisco.

ROYAL

BAKING

POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. U. S. Government Report, August 17, 1883.

—GRAND—

Republican Ratification

NEW ARMORY HALL,  
(Over Broadway Market),  
SATURDAY NIGHT, OCT. 11th, 1890.

ALL THE  
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES WILL BE  
PRESENT.

JUDGE R. B. CARPENTER,  
WALTER S. MOORE,  
AND OTHERS

Will address the meeting. Music by Brass Band. Singing by Glee Clubs.

Seats will be reserved for ladies. Every body invited. By order of County Committee. R. J. NORTHAM, Chairman. C. C. ALLEN, Secretary.

NATIONALISTS

## Boots and Shoes.











